



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

THE LANDLORD AND TENANT, AN AUTHENTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY."

The following story, Mr. EDITOR, owes nothing to any colouring or invention of mine ; it is unhappily a true one, and to me possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, arising from my intimate knowledge of the man whose fate it holds up as a moral lesson to Irish landlords. I knew him well, and many a day and hour have I played about his knee, and ran, in my boyhood, round his path, when, as he said himself, the world was no trouble to him.

On the south side of a sloping tract of light ground, lively, warm, and productive, stood a white, moderate sized farm-house, which, in consequence of its conspicuous situation, was a prominent, and we may add a graceful object in the landscape, of which it formed a part. The spot whereon it stood was a kind of natural terrace, whose soil was heavier and richer than that of the adjoining lands. On each side of the house was a clump of old beeches, the only survivors of that species then remaining in the country. These beeches extended behind the house in a kind of angle, with opening enough at its termination, to form a vista through which its white walls glistened with beautiful effect in the calm splendour of a summer evening. Above the table on which it stood, rose two steep hills, overgrown with furze and fern, except on their tops, which were crowned with purple heath ; they were also covered with patches of broom, studded over with gray rocks, which sometimes rose singly or in larger masses, pointed or rounded into curious and fantastic shapes. Exactly between those hills the sun went down during the month of June, and nothing could be in finer relief than their rocky and picturesque outlines, as crowned with a thorn or a clump of wild ash, they appeared to hang on each side, supported as it were by the sun-beams, which, in calm and glowing splendour, lit up the sides of the valley into radiant beauty. The bottom of this natural chasm, which opened against the deep crimson of the evening sky, was nearly upon a level with the house, and completely so with the beeches that surrounded it. Brightly did the sinking sun fall upon their tops, whilst the neat white house below, in their quiet shadow, sent up its wreath of smoke among their shining branches, itself an emblem of contentment, industry, and innocence. It was in fact a lovely situation—perhaps the brighter to me, that its remembrance is associated with days of happiness and freedom from the cares of a world, which, like a distant mountain, darkens as we approach it, and only exhausts us in struggling to climb its rugged and barren paths.

There was to the south-west of this house a little hazel glen, that winded up till it ended in a precipice formed by a single rock some twenty feet high, over which tumbled a crystal cascade into a basin worn in its hard bed below ; from this spot it murmured away through the copsewood, until it joined a larger rivulet that passed with many a winding through a fine extent of meadows adjoining it. Across this glen, and past the door of the house we have described, ran a small bridle road, from time immemorial ; and as the traveller ascended this towards the house, he appeared to track his way in blood, for a chalybeate *spa* arose at its head, oozing out of the earth, and spreading itself in a crimson stream over the path in every spot whereon a foot mark could be made. From this circumstance it was called Tubber Derg, or the Red Well. In the meadow where the glen terminated, was another

spring of delicious crystal, and clearly do I remember the ever-beaten path-way that led to it, through the grass and up the green field which rose in a gentle slope from that to the happy-looking house of Owen M'Carthy, who resided under its peaceful roof.

I will not crave your pardon, gentle reader, for dwelling at such length upon a scene so dear to my heart as this, because I write not now so much for your gratification as my own. Many an eve of gentle May have I pulled the May-gowans which grew about that well, and over that smooth meadow. Often have I raised my voice to its shrillest pitch that I might hear its echoes rebounding in the bottom of the green and still glen, where silence, so to speak, was deepened by the continuous murmur of the cascade above ; and when the cuckoo uttered her first note from the hawthorn on its side, with what trembling anxiety did I, an urchin of some eight or nine years, look under my right foot, for the white hair, whose charm was such, that by keeping it about me, the first female name I should hear was destined, I believed in my soul, to be that of my future wife. Sweet was the song of the thrush, and mellow the whistle of the blackbird, as they rose in the stillness of evening over the "birken shaws," and green dells of this secluded spot of rural beauty. Far, too, could the rich voice of Owen M'Carthy be heard along the hills and meadows, as, with a little chubby urchin at his knee, and another in his arms, he sat on a bench beside his own door, singing the "Trougha" in his native Irish ; whilst Kathleen his wife, with her two maids, each crooning a low song, sat before the door milking the cows—whose sweet breath mingled its perfume with the warm breeze of evening.

Take, proud ambition, take thy fill
Of pleasures, won through toil or crime ;
Go, learning, climb thy rugged hill,
And give thy name to future time ;
Philosophy, be keen to see
Whate'er is just, or false, or vain ;
Take each thy meed ; but oh ! give me
To range my mountain glens again.

Pure was the breeze that fann'd my cheek,
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went ;
When every lonely dell could speak
In airy music, vision-sent :—
False world, I hate thy cares and thee ;
I hate the treacherous haunts of men ;
Give back my early heart to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen.

How bright my youthful visions shone,
When spann'd by fancy's radiant form ;
But now her glitt'ring bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm :
With wasted form and cheek all pale—
With heart long sear'd by grief and pain :
Dunroe, I'll seek thy native gale—
I'll tread my mountain glens again.

Thy breeze, once more may fan my blood—
Thy vallies all are lovely still ;
And I may stand where oft I stood,
In lonely musings on thy hill :
But ah ! the spell is gone ;—no art
In crowded town, or native plain,
Can teach a crush'd and breaking heart,
To pipe the song of youth again.

Owen M'Carthy was the son of a long line of honest ancestors, whose names had never, within the memory of man, been tarnished by the commission of a mean or disreputable action. They were always a kind-hearted family, but stern and proud in the common intercourse of life. They believed themselves to be, and probably were, a branch of the Mac Carthy More stock; and although only the possessors of a small farm, it was singular to observe the effect which this conviction produced upon their bearing and manners. To it might perhaps be attributed the high and stoical integrity for which they were remarkable; this severity, however, was no proof that they wanted feeling, or were insensible to the misery and sorrows of others; in all the little cares and perplexities that chequered the peaceful neighbourhood in which they lived, they were ever the first to console, to assist, or if necessary, to support a distressed neighbour with the means which God had placed in their possession; for being industrious, they were seldom poor. Their words were few but sincere, and generally promised less than the honest hearts that dictated them intended to perform. There is in some persons a hereditary feeling of just principle—the result neither of education, nor of a clear moral sense; but rather a kind of instinctive honesty which descends like a constitutional bias from father to son, pervading every member of the family. It is difficult to define this, or to assign its due position in the scale of human virtues. It exists in the midst of the grossest ignorance, and influences the character in the absence of better principles. Such was the impress which marked so strongly the family of which I speak. No one would ever think of imputing a dishonest act to the M'Carthy's; nor would any person acquainted with them, hesitate for a moment to consider their word as good as the bond of another. I do not mean to say, however, that their motives of action were not higher than this instinctive honesty—far from it; but I say that they possessed it *in addition* to a strong feeling of family pride, and a tolerably correct knowledge of their moral duties.

I can only take up Owen M'Carthy at that part of the past to which my memory extends. He was then a tall, fine-looking young man—silent, but kind. One of the earliest events within my recollection is his wedding; after that the glimpses of his state and circumstances are imperfect; but, as I grew up, they became more connected, and I am able to remember him the father of four children—an industrious, inoffensive small farmer, beloved, respected, and honoured. No man could rise, be it ever so early, who would not find Owen up before him; no man could anticipate him in an early crop; and if a widow, or a sick acquaintance were unable to get in their harvest, Owen was certain to collect the neighbours to assist them—to be the first there himself, with quiet benevolence, encouraging them to a zealous performance of the friendly task in which they were engaged.

It was, I believe, soon after his marriage, that the lease of the farm, held by the family, expired; until that time they had been able to live with perfect independence; but even the enormous rise of one pound per acre, though it deprived them, in a great degree, of their usual comforts, did not sink them below the bare necessities of life. For some years after that they could still serve a deserving neighbour; and never was the hand of Owen M'Carthy held back from the wants and distresses of those whom he knew to be honest.

I remember one occasion upon which a widow Murray applied to him for a loan of five pounds, to prevent her two cows from being auctioned for half a year's rent, of which she only wanted that sum. Owen sat at dinner with his family when she entered the house in tears, and as

well as her agitation of mind permitted, gave him a detailed account of her embarrassment.

"The blessing of God be upon all here," said she, on entering.

"The double of that to you, Rosha," replied Owen's wife, "wont you sit in and be atin'—here's a sate beside Nanny—come over, Rosha."

Owen only nodded to her, and continued to eat his dinner as if he felt no interest in her distress. Rosha sat down at a distance, and with the corner of a red handkerchief to her eyes, shed tears in that bitterness of feeling which marks the helplessness of honest industry under the hand of oppression.

"In the name of goodness, Rosha," said Mrs. M'Carthy, "what ails you, asthore? Sure, Jimmy—God spare him to you—wouldn't be dead?"

"Glory be to God, no, avourneen machree! Och, och, but it 'ud be the black sight, and the black day, that 'ud see my brave boy—the staff of our support and the bread of our mouth—taken away from us; no, no, Biddy, dear, it's not that bad wid me yet. I hope we'll never live to see his manly head laid down before us. 'Twas his own manliness, indeed, brought it on him—backing the sack when he was bringin' home our last *meldhre* from the mill; for you see he should do it, the crathur, to show his strength, and the sack, when he got it an, was too heavy for him, and hurted the small of his back, for his bones, you see, are too young, and hadn't time to fill up yet—no, avourneen; Glory be to God he's gettin' betther wid me!" and the poor crathur's eyes glistened with delight through her tears and the darkness of her affliction.

Without saying a word, Owen, when she finished the eulogium on her son, rose, and taking her forcibly by the shoulder, set her down at the table, on which a large potfull of potatoes had been spread out, with a circle in the middle for a dish of rashers and eggs, into which dish, every right hand of those about it was thrust with a quickness that clearly illustrated the principle of competition as a stimulus to action.

"Spare your breath," said Owen, placing her rather roughly upon the seat, "and take share of what's goin': when all's cleared off we'll hear you, but the sorra word till then."

"Musha, Owen," said the poor woman, "you're the same man still; sure we all know your ways; but, avourneen, I can't ate—I can't indeed, and don't be axin' me; sure you know I'd do wid yeas as I would in my own place; I can't asthore—don't ax me, and the Lord bless you and yours, and may you never be as I an' my fatherless childhre are this sorrowful day!" and she accompanied her words by a flood of tears.

Owen, without evincing the slightest sympathy, withdrew himself from the table; not a muscle of his face was moved, but as the cat came about his feet at the time, he put his foot under her, and flung her as easily as possible to the lower end of the kitchen.

"Arrah, what harm did the crathur do," asked his wife, "that you'd kick her for, that way—and why but you ate out your dinner?"

"I'm done," he replied, rather gruffly, "but that's no rason that you, and thim boys that has the work afore them, shouldn't finish your male's mate."

Poor Rosha thought that he had already perceived the object of her visit, and of course concluded that her chance of succeeding was very slender.

The wife, who guessed what she wanted, as well as the nature of her suspicion, being herself as affectionate and obliging as Owen, reverted to the subject in order to give her an opportunity of proceeding.

"Something bitther, and out of the common coorse, is a throuble to

you, Rosha," said she, "or you wouldn't be in the state you're in. The Lord look down on you this day, you poor crathur—without the father of your childhre to stand up for you—and your only other depindance laid on the broad of his back, all as one as a cripple; but no matter, Rosha, trust in him that can be a husband to you, and a father to your orphans—trust to him, and his blessed mother in heaven, this day, and never fear, but they'll rise up a friend for you.—Musha, Owen, ate your dinner as you ought to do, wid your capers? how can you take a spade in your hand upon that morsel?"

"Finish your own," said her husband, "and never heed me—jist let me alone; don't you see that if I wanted it, I'd ate it, and what more would you have about it?"

"Well, acushla, it's your own loss, sure, of a sartinty—and, Rosha, whisper a-hagur, what can Owen or I do for you?—throth it would be a bad day we'd see you at a *deshort* for a friend, for you never wor nothing else nor a civil, obligin' nabour yourself; and him that's gone before—the Lord make his bed in heaven, this day—was as good a warrant as ever broke bread, to sarve a friend, if it was at the hour of midnight."

"Ah! when I had *him*," exclaimed the distracted widow, "I never had occasion to throuble either friend or nabour; but he's gone, and now its otherwise wid me—glory be to God for all his mercies—a wurrah dheelish! Why thin since I must spake, and has no other friend to go to—but somehow I doubt Owen looks dark upon me—sure I'd put my hand to a stamp, if my word wouldn't do, for what I want, and sign the blessed crass that saved us, for the payment of it; or I'd give it to him in oats, for I hear you want some, Owen—Phatie oats it is, and a bether shoulthered, or fuller lookin' grain never went undher a harrow—indeed its it that's the beauty, all out, if its good seed you want."

"What is it for, woman alive?" inquired Owen, as he kicked a three legged stool out of his way.

"What is it for, is it? och, Owen darlin' sure my two brave cows is lavin' me. Paddy Dannellan, the driver, is over wid me beyant, and has them ready to set off wid. I reared them both—the two of them, wid my own hands. *Cheeh-honey*, that knows my voice, and would come to me from the fardest corner of the field, is goin', and nothin' will we have—nothin' will my poor sick boy have, but the black wather, or the dry salt; besides the butther of them bein' lost to us for the rent; or a small taste of it, of an odd time, for poor Jimmy. Owen, next to God, I have no friend to depend on but yourself!"

"Me!" said Owen, as if astonished—"Phoo, that's quare enough. Now do you think, Rosha—hut, hut, woman alive! Come, boys, you're all done now—out wid yees to your spades, and finish that meerin before night.—Me! hut, tut!"

"I have it all but five pounds, Owen, and for the sake of him that's in his grave—and that maybe is able to put up his prayer for you—"

"And what would you want *me* to do, Rosha?—Fittther for you to sit down and ate your dinner, when its before you. I'm goin' to get an ould glove that's somewhere about this chist, for I must weed out that bit of oats before night wid a blessin';" and as he spoke, he passed into another room, as if he had altogether forgotten her solicitation, and in a few minutes returned.

"Owen, avick!—and the blessin' of the fatherless be upon you, sure and many a one of them you have, any how, Owen?"

"Well, Rosha—well?"

"Och, och, Owen, its low days wid me to be dependin' upon the

stranger? Little thim that reared me, ever thought it 'ud come to this. You know I'm a dacent father's child, and I have stooped to you, Owen M'Carthy—what I'd scorn to do to any other but yourself—poor and friendless as I stand here before you. Let them take the cows, then, from my childhre; but the father of the fatherless will support thim and me. Och, but its well for the O'Donoghoe's that their landlord lives at home among themselves, for may the heavens look down on me, I wouldn't know where to find mine, if one sight of him 'ud save me and my childhre from the grave! The agent even—he lives in Dublin, and how could I lave my sick boy, and small *girshaks* by themselves, to go a hundhre miles, and maybe not see him afther all. Little hopes I'd have from him even if I did—he's paid for gatherin' in his rents; but its well known he wants the touch of nathur for the sufferings of the poor, and of them that's honest in their intintions."

"I'll go over wid you, Rosha, if that'll be any use," replied Owen, composedly; "come, I'll go and spake to dirty Dannellan."

"The sorra blame I blame him, Owen," replied Rosha, "his bread's depindin' upon the likes of such doins, and he can't get over it; but a word from you, Owen, will save me, for who ever refused to take the word of a M'Carthy!"

When Owen and the widow arrived at the house of the latter, they found the situation of the bailiff laughable in the extreme. Her eldest son, who had been confined to his bed by a hurt received in his back, was up and had got the unfortunate driver, who was rather old, wedged in between the dresser and the wall, where his cracked voice—for he was asthmatic—was raised to the highest pitch, calling for assistance. Beside him was a large tub half-filled with water, into which the little ones were emptying small jugs, carried at the top of their speed, from a puddle before the door. In the mean time Jemmy was tugging at the bailiff with all his strength—fortunately for that personage, it was but little—with the most sincere intention of inverting him into the tub, which contained as much muddy water as would have been sufficient to make him a subject for the deliberation of a coroner and twelve honest men. Nothing could be more conscientiously attempted than the task which Jemmy had proposed to execute; every tug brought out his utmost strength, and when he failed in bending down the bailiff, he compensated himself for his want of success, by cuffing his ribs, and peeling his shins with hard kicks; whilst from those open points which the driver's grapple with his man necessarily exposed, were inflicted on him by the rejoicing urchins, numberless prods of tongs, potato-washers, and sticks whose points were from time to time hastily thrust into the coals, that they might more effectually either blind or disable him in some other manner.

As one of the little ones ran out to fill his jug, he spied his mother and Owen approaching, on which, with the empty vessel in his hand, he flew towards them, his little features distorted by glee and ferocity, wildly mixed up together.

"Oh mudher, mudher—ha, ha, ha,—don't come in yet; don't come in, Owen, till Jimmy and huz, and the Dennisses gets the bailey drowned—we'll soon have the *bot* full; but Paddy and Jack Dennis have the eyes pucked out of him; and Katty's takin' the hook from behind the *cuppel*, to get it about his neck."

Owen and the widow entered with all haste—precisely at the moment when Dannellan's head was dipped, for the first time, into the vessel.

"Is it going to murdher him yees are?" said Owen, as he seized Jemmy with a grasp that transferred him to the opposite end of the house;

"hould back ye pack of young devils, and let the man up. What did he come to do but his duty? I tell you, Jemmy, if you wor *at* yourself, and in full strength, that you'd have the man's blood on you where you stand, and would suffer as you ought to do for it."

"There let me," replied the lad, his eyes glowing, and his veins swollen with passion, "I don't care if I was—it would be no sin, and no disgrace, to hang for the likes of him; dacent to do that, than stale a creel of turf, or a wisp of straw, 'tanny rate."

In the mean time the bailiff had raised his head out of the water, and presented a visage, which it was impossible to view with gravity. The widow's anxiety prevented her from seeing it in a ludicrous light; but Owen's severe face was relaxed into a grave smile, as the man shook his head, and attempted to comprehend the nature of his situation. The young urchins, who had fallen back with fear and apprehension at the appearance of Owen and the widow, now burst into a peal of mirth, in which however, Jemmy, whose fiercer passions had been roused, did not join.

"Paddy Dannellan," said the widow, "I take the mother of heaven to witness, that it vexes my heart to see you get such thratement in my place; and I would'nt for the best cow in my byre that sich a *brieliagh* happened. *Dher chorp agus manim*, Jemmy, but I'll make you suffer for drawin' down this upon my head, and me had enough over it afore."

"I dont care," replied Jemmy, "whoever comes to take our property from us, and us willin' to work will suffer for it; do you think I'd see them crathurs at their dhry phatie, and our cows standin' in a pound for no rason? No—high hangin' to me but I'll split in the scull the first man that takes them, and all I'm sorry for is, that its not the vagabone landlord himself that's near me. That's our thanks for payin' him many a good pound in honesty and dacency—to him and his; lavin' us to a schamin' agint—and not even to that same, but to his clerks that's robbin' us on both sides between them. May hard fortune attend him, for a landlord! You may tell him this, Dannellan, that his wisest plan is to keep clear of the country. Sure it's a gambler he is, they say—and we must be harrished and racked to support his villainy; but wait a bit—maybe there's a good time comin', when we'll pay our money to them that won't be too proud to hear our complaints wid their own ears, and who won't turn us over to a devil's limb of an agint. *He* had need, any how, to get his coffin sooner nor he thinks. What signifies hangin' in a good cause?" said he, as the tears of keen indignation burst from his glowing eyes. "It's a dacent death, and a happy death, when it's for the right," he added, for his mind was evidently fixed upon the contemplation of those means of redress, which the habits of the country and the prejudices of the people, present to them in the first moments of passion.

"It's well that Dannellan's one of ourselves," replied Owen, coolly, "otherwise, Jemmy, you said words that would lay you up by the heels. As for you, Dannellan, you must look over this. The boy's the son of dacent poor parents, and its a new thing for him to see the cows druv from the place. The poor fellow's vexed too that he has been so long laid up wid a sore back, and so you see one thing or another has put him through other; Jimmy is warm-hearted afther all, and will be sorry for it when he cools, and remimbers that *you* wor only doin' your duty."

"But what am I to do about the cows—sure I can't go back widout

either them or the rint?" said Paddy, with a look of fear and trembling, at Jemmy.

"The cows," said another of the widow's sons, who then came in, "why you dirty spalpeen of a bum, you may whistle on the wrong side of your mouth for them. I *druv* them off of the estate, and now take them if you dar—its conthrairy to law," said the urchin, "and if you'd touch them, I'd make my mudher sarve you wid a *lattiit* or a *fiery-flashes*."

This was a triumph to the youngsters, who began to shake their little fists at him, and to exclaim in a chorus, "Ha you dirty bum! wait till we get you out of the house, and if we don't put you from ever drivin'! Why but you work like another?—ha, you'll get it!" and every little fist was shook in vengeance at him.

"Whisht wid yes," said Jemmy, to the little ones, "let him alone, he got enough. There's the cows for you, and keen may the curse of the widow and orphans light upon you, and upon them that sent you, from first to last! And that's the best we wish you!"

"Paddy," said Owen to the bailiff, "is there any one in the town below that will take the rint, and give a resate for it? Do you think, man, that the nabours of an honest, industrious woman, would see the cattle taken out of her byre for a thrifle?—Hut, tut! no, man alive—no such thing; there's not a man in the parish wid manes to do it, would see them taken away to be canted, at only about a fourth part of their value. Hut, tut—no!"

As the sterling fellow spoke, the cheeks of the widow were suffused with tears, and her son Jemmy's hollow eyes once more kindled—but with a far different expression from that which but a few minutes before flashed from them.

"Owen," said he, and utterance nearly failed him; "Owen, if I was well, it wouldn't be as it is wid us; but—no, indeed, it would not—but—may God bless you for this. Owen, never fear but you'll be paid; may God bless you, Owen;" and as he spoke, the hand of his humble benefactor was warmly grasped in his. A tear fell upon it—for with one of those quick and fervid transitions of feeling so peculiar to the people, he felt a strong, generous emotion of gratitude, mingled perhaps with a sense of wounded pride, on finding the poverty of their little family so openly exposed.

"Hut, tut, Jemmy avick," said Owen, who understood his feelings, "phoo, man alive—hut—hem; why sure its nothing at all at all; any body would do it—only a bare five-and-twenty shillings, (it was five pounds)—any nabour—Mick Cassidy, Jack Moran, or Pether M'Cullagh, would do it. Come Paddy, step out—the money's to the fore. Rosha put your cloak about you, and let us go down to the agint or clerk, or whatsoever he is—sure that makes no maxim any how;—I suppose he has power to give a resate? Jemmy, go to bed again, you're pale, poor bouchal; and childhre, ye crathurs ye, the cows won't be taken from yees, this bout. Come, in the name of God, let us go, and see every thing rightified at once—hut tut—come."

Many similar details of Owen M'Carthy's useful life could be given, in which he bore an equally benevolent and Christian part. Poor fellow! he was, ere long, brought low; but to the credit of our peasantry, much as is said about their barbarity, he was treated, when helpless, with gratitude, pity, and kindness.

Up until the peace of 1814, Owen's regular and systematic industry enabled him to struggle successfully against a weighty rent and sudden

depression in the price of agricultural produce ; that is, he was able, by the unremitting toil of a man remarkable alike for an unbending spirit and a vigorous frame of body, to pay his rent with tolerable regularity. It is true, a change began to appear in his personal appearance, in his farm, in the dress of his children, and in the economy of his household. Improvements which adequate capital would have enabled him to effect, were left either altogether unattempted or in an imperfect state resembling neglect, though, in reality, the result of poverty. His dress at mass, and in fairs and markets, had, by degrees, lost that air of comfort and warmth which bespeak the independent farmer. The evidences of embarrassment began to disclose themselves in many small points, inconsiderable, it is true, but not the less significant. His house, in the progress of his declining circumstances, ceased to be annually ornamented by a new coat of whitewash—soon assumed a faded and yellowish hue, and sparkled not in the setting sun as in the days of Owen's prosperity. It had, in fact, a wasted, unthriving look like its master; the thatch became black and rotten upon its roof, the chimneys sloped to opposite points, the windows were less neat, and, ultimately, when broken, were patched with a couple of leaves from the children's blotted copy-books. His out-houses also began to fail; the neatness of his little farm-yards, and the cleanliness which marked so conspicuously the space fronting his dwelling-house, disappeared in the course of time. Filth began to accumulate where no filth had been; his garden was not now planted so early, nor with such taste and neatness as before; his crops were later, and less abundant; his haggards neither so full nor so trim as they were wont to be, nor his ditches and enclosures kept in such good repair. His cars, ploughs, and other farming implements, instead of being put under cover, were left exposed to the influence of wind and weather, where they soon became crazy and useless.

Such, however, were only the slighter symptoms of his bootless struggle against the general embarrassment into which the agricultural interests were, year after year, so unhappily sinking.

Had the tendency to general distress among the class to which he belonged become stationary, Owen would have continued by toil and incessant exertion to maintain his ground; but, unfortunately, there was no point at which the national depression could then stop. Year after year produced deeper, more extensive, and more complicated misery; and when he hoped that every succeeding season would bring an improvement in the market, he was destined to experience not only a fresh disappointment—but an unexpected depreciation in the price of his corn, butter, and other disposable commodities.

When a nation is reduced to such a state, no eye but that of God himself can see the appalling wretchedness to which a year of disease and scarcity strikes down the poor and working classes.

Owen, after a long and noble contest for nearly three years, sank, at length, under the united visitation of disease and scarcity. The father of the family was laid low upon the bed of sickness, and those of them who escaped it were almost consumed by famine. This two-fold shock sealed his ruin; his honest heart was crushed—his hardy frame shorn of its strength, and he to whom every neighbour fled as to a friend, now required friendship at a moment when the wide-spread poverty of the country rendered its assistance hopeless.

On rising from his bed of sickness, the prospect before him required his utmost fortitude to bear. Wasted in energy both of mind and body, reduced to utter poverty, with a large family of children, too young to

assist him, without means of retrieving himself, his wife and himself gaunt skeletons, his farm neglected, his house wrecked, and his offices falling to ruin, yet every day bringing the half-year's term nearer—Oh, ye who riot on the miseries of such men—ye who roll round the easy circle of fashionable life, think upon this picture! Ye vile and heartless landlords, who see not, hear not, know not those to whose heart-breaking toil ye owe the only merit ye possess—that of rank in society—come and contemplate this virtuous man, as unfriended, unassisted and uncheered by those who are bound by a strong moral duty to protect and aid him, he looks shuddering into the dark and cheerless future! Is it to be wondered at that he, and such as he, should, in the misery of his despair, join the nightly meetings, be lured to associate himself with the incendiary, or seduced to grasp, in the stupid apathy of wretchedness, the weapon of the murderer? By neglecting the people, by draining them with merciless rapacity of the means of life, by goading them on under a cruel system of rack rents, ye become not their natural benefactors, but curses and scourges, nearly as much in reality as ye are in their opinion.

When Owen rose, he was driven by hunger, direct and immediate, to sell his best cow; and having laid in as much oatmeal at an enormous price, paid to a well known devotee in the parish, who hoarded up this commodity for a “dear summer,” he laid his plans for the future, with as much judgment as any man could display. One morning after breakfast he addressed his wife as follows:—

“Kathleen, mavourneen, I want to consult wid you about what we ought to do; things are low wid us, asthore; and except our heavenly Father puts it into the heart of them I’m goin’ to mention, I don’t know what we’ll do, nor what’ll become of these poor crathurs that’s naked and hungry about us. God pity them, they don’t know—and maybe that same’s some comfort—the hardships that’s before them. Poor crathurs, see how quiet and sorrowful they sit about their little play, passing the time for themselves as well as they can! Alley, a-cushla machree, come over to me. Your hair is bright and fair, Alley, and curls so pertily that the finest lady in the land might envy it, but, a-cushla, your colour’s gone, your little hands are wasted away, too; that sickness was hard and sore upon you, *a-colleen machree*, and he that ’ud spend his heart’s blood for you, darlin’, could do nothing to help you!”

He looked at the child as he spoke, and a slight motion in the muscles of his face was barely perceptible, but it passed away; and, after kissing her, he proceeded:—

“Ay, the crathurs—you and I, Kathleen, could earn our bread for ourselves yet, but these can’t do it. This last stroke, darlin’, has laid us at the door of both poverty and sickness, but blessed be the mother of heaven for it, they’re all left wid us; and sure that’s a blessin’ we’ve to be thankful for—glory be to God!”

“Ay, poor things, it’s well to have them spared, Owen, dear; sure I’d rather a thousand times beg from door to door, and have my childher to look at, than be in comfort widout them.”

“Beg!—that ’ud go hard wid me, Kathleen. I’d work—I’d live on next to nothing all the year round—but to see the crathurs that wor dacently bred up brought to that, I couldn’t bear it, Kathleen—’twould break the heart widin in me. Poor as they are, they have the blood of kings in their veins; and besides, to see a M’Carthy beggin’ his bread in the country where his name was once great—The M’Carthy More, that was their title—No, a-cushla—I love them as I do the blood in my own

veins ; but I'd rather see them in the arms of God in heaven, laid down dacently, wid their little sorrowful faces washed, and their little bodies stretched out purlily before my eyes—I would—in the grave-yard there beyant, where all belonging to me lie, than have it cast up to them, or have it said, that ever a M'Carthy was seen beggin' on the high-way."

"But, Owen, can you strike out no plan for us that 'ud put us in the way of comin' round agin? These poor ones, if we could hould out for two or three years, would soon be able to help us."

"They would—they would. I'm thinkin' this day or two of a plan ; but I'm doubtful whether it 'ud come to any thing."

"What is it a-cushla? Sure we can't be worse nor we are, any way."

"I'm goin' to go to Dublin. I'm tould that the landlord's come home from France, and that he's there now ; and if I didn't see him, sure I could see the agent. Now, Kathleen, my intintion 'ud be to lay our case before the head landlord himself, in hopes he might hould back his hand, and spare us for a while. If I had a line from the agint, or a scrape of a pen that I could show at home to some of the nabours, who knows but I could borry what 'ud set us up agin! I think many of them 'ud be sorry to see me turned out ; eh, Kathleen?"

The Irish are an imaginative people ; indeed too much so, for either their individual or national happiness. And it is this and superstition, which also depends much upon imagination, that make them so easily influenced by those extravagant dreams which are held out to them by persons who understand their character.

When Kathleen heard the plan on which Owen founded his expectations of assistance, her dark melancholy eye flashed with a portion of its former fire ; a transient vivacity lit up her sickly features, and she turned a smile of hope and affection upon her children, then upon Owen.

"Arrah, thin, who knows, indeed!—who knows but he might do something for us? and maybe we might be as well as ever yet! May the Lord put it into his heart, any how! I declare ay!—maybe it was God put it into *your* heart, Owen!"

"I'll set off," replied her husband, who was a man of decision—"I'll set off on other morrow morning ; and as nobody knows any thing about it, so let there not be a word said upon the subject, good or bad. If I have success well and good ; but if not, why nobody need be the wiser."

The heart-broken wife evinced, for the remainder of the day, a buoyancy of spirits which she had not felt for many a month before. Even Owen was less depressed than usual, and employed himself in making such arrangements as he knew would occasion his family to feel the inconvenience of his absence less acutely. But as the hour of his departure drew nigh, a sorrowful feeling of affection rising into greater strength and tenderness, threw a melancholy gloom around his hearth. According to their simple view of distance, a journey to Dublin was a serious undertaking. Owen was in weak health, just risen out of illness, and what was more alarming than any other consideration, was, that since their marriage they never had been separated before.

On the morning of his departure, he was up before day-break, and so were his wife and children, for the latter had heard the conversation already detailed between them, and, with their simple-minded parents, enjoyed the gleam of hope which it presented ; but this soon changed—when he was preparing to go, an indefinite sense of fear, and a more vivid clinging of affection marked their feelings. He himself partook of this, and was silent, depressed, and less ardent than when the speculation first presented itself to his mind. His resolution, however, was

taken, and should he fail, no blame at a future time could be attached to himself. It was the last effort; and to neglect it, he thought, would have been to neglect his duty. When breakfast was ready, they all sat down in silence; the hour was yet early, and a rush light was placed in a wooden candlestick that stood beside them, to afford light. There was something solemn and touching in the group as they sat in dim relief, every face marked by the traces of sickness, want, sorrow, and affection. The father attempted to eat but he could not; Kathleen sat at the meal but could taste nothing; the children eat, for hunger at the moment was predominant over every other sensation. At length it was over, and Owen rose to depart; he stood for a minute on the floor, and seemed to take a survey of his cold, cheerless house, and then of his family; he cleared his throat several times, but did not speak.

"Kathleen," said he, at length, "in the name of God I'll go; and may his blessing be about you, asthore machree, and guard you and these darlins till I come back to yees."

Kathleen's faithful heart could bear no more; she laid herself on his bosom—clung to his neck, and, as the parting kiss was given, she wept aloud, and Owen's tears fell silently down his worn cheeks. The children crowded about them in loud wailings, and the grief of this virtuous and afflicted family was of that profound description, which is ever the companion, in such scenes, of pure and genuine love.

"Owen!" she exclaimed—"Owen, *a-suilish mahruil agus machree!** I doubt we wor wrong in thinkin' of this journey. How can you, mavourneen, walk all the way to Dublin, and you so worn and weakly wid that sickness, and the bad feedin' both before and since? Och, give it up, achree, and stay wid us—let what will happen. You're not able for sich a journey, indeed you're not. Stay wid me and the childher, Owen; sure we'd be so lonesome widout you—will you, agraph? and the Lord will do for us some other way, maybe."

Owen pressed his faithful wife to his heart, and kissed her chaste lips with a tenderness which the heartless votaries of fashionable life can never know.

"Kathleen, asthore," he replied, in those terms of endearment which flow so tenderly through the language of the people—"sure, whin I remember your fair young face—your yellow hair, and the light that was in your eyes, *a-cushla machree*—but that's gone long ago—och, don't ax me to stop. Isn't your lightsome laugh long ago in my ears? and your step that 'ud not bend the flower of the field—Kathleen, I can't, indeed I can't bear to think of what you wor, nor of what you are now, when, in the coorse of age and nathur, but a small change ought to be upon you! Sure I ought to make every struggle to take you and these sorrowful crathurs out of the state you're in."

The children flocked about them, and joined their entreaties to those of their mother. "Father, don't lave us—we'll be lonesome if you go; and if my mother 'ud get unwell, who'd be to take care of her? Father, don't lave your own 'weeny crathurs,' (a pet name he had for them)—maybe the meal 'ud be ate out before you'd come back; or maybe something 'ud happen you in that strange place."

"Indeed there's truth in what they say, Owen," said the wife; "do be said by your own Kathleen for this time, and don't take sich a long journey upon you. After all, maybe, you wouldn't see him—sure the nabours will help us, if you could only humble yourself to ax them!"

* Light of my eyes and of my heart.

"Kathleen," said Owen, "when this is past, you'll be glad I went—indeed you will; sure it's only the tindher feelin' of your hearts, darlins. Who knows what the landlord may do when I see himself, and show him these resates—every penny paid him by our own family. Let me go, a-cushla; it *does* cut me to the heart to lave yees the way yees are in, even for a while; but it's far worse to see your poor wasted faces, widout havin' it in my power to do any thing for yees."

He then kissed them again, one by one; and pressing the affectionate partner of his sorrows to his breaking heart, he bade God bless them, and set out in the twilight of a bitter March morning. He had not gone many yards from the door when little Alley ran after him in tears; he felt her hand upon the skirt of his coat, which she plucked with a smile of affection that neither tears nor sorrow could repress. "Father, kiss *me* again," said she. He stooped down and kissed her tenderly. The child then ascended a green ditch, and Owen, as he looked back, saw her standing upon it; her fair tresses were tossed by the blast about her face, as with straining eyes she watched him receding from her view. Kathleen and the other children stood at the door, and also with deep sorrow watched his form, until the angle of the bridle road rendered him no longer visible; after which they returned slowly to the fire and wept bitterly.

We believe no men are capable of bearing greater toil or privation than the Irish. Owen's *viaticum* was only two or three oaten cakes tied in a little handkerchief, and a few shillings in silver to pay for his bed. With this small stock of food and money, an oaken stick in his hand, and his wife's kerchief tied about his waste, he undertook a journey of one hundred and eighty miles in quest of a landlord who, so far from being acquainted with the distresses of his tenantry, scarcely knew even their names, and not one of them in person.

Our scene now changes to the metropolis. One evening, about half past six o'clock, a toil-worn man turned his steps to a splendid mansion in Mountjoy-square; his appearance was drooping, fatigued, and feeble. As he went along he examined the numbers on the respective doors, until he reached *one*—before which he stopped for a moment; he then stepped out upon the street, and looked through the windows, as if willing to ascertain whether there was any chance of his object being attained. Whilst in this situation a carriage rolled rapidly up, and stopped with a sudden check that nearly threw the horses on their haunches. In an instant the thundering knock of the servant intimated the arrival of some person of rank; the hall door was opened, and Owen, availing himself of that opportunity, entered the hall. Such a visitor, however, was too remarkable to escape notice. The hand of the menial was rudely placed against his breast; and as the usual impertinent interrogatories were put to him, the pampered ruffian kept pushing him back, until the afflicted man stood upon the upper step leading to the door.

"For the sake of God, and let me speak but two words to him. I'm his tenant; and I know he's too much of a jintleman to turn away a man that has lived upon his honor's estate—father and son—for upwards of a hundred years. My name's Owen—"

"You can't see him, my good fellow, at this hour. Go to Mr. M——, his agent: we have company to dinner. Go—you're very teasing, man—get along!"

As he uttered the last word, he pushed Owen back, who, forgetting that the stairs were behind him, fell—received a severe cut, and was so completely stunned, that he lay senseless and bleeding. Another car-

riage drove up as the fellow, now much alarmed, attempted to raise him up; and, by the orders of the gentleman who came in it, he was brought into the hall. The circumstance now made some noise. It was whispered about, that one of Mr. ——'s tenants, a drunken fellow from the country, wanted to break in forcibly to see him; but then it was also asserted, that his skull was broken, and that he lay dead in the hall. The company above stairs immediately assembled about him, and by the means of restoratives, he soon recovered, though the blood streamed copiously from the wound in the back of his head.

"Who are you, my good man?" said Mr. S.

Owen looked about him rather vacantly, but he soon collected himself, and replied, in a mournful and touching tone of voice—"I am one of your honor's tenants, Sir, from Tubber Derg; my name is Owen M'Carthy, your honor—that is, if you be Mr. ——."

"And pray what brought you to town, M'Carthy?"

"I wanted to make an humble appeal to your honor's feelings, in regard of my bit of farm. I and my poor family, your honor, have been broken down by the hard times and the sickness of the sason.—God knows how *they* are."

"Is it that you wish to speak to me about it? but, my good man, I refer all these matters to my agent—go to him; he, of course, knows them best; and whatever is right and proper to be done for you, Carty, he will do it. Sinclair, give him a crown, and send him to the —— Dispensary to get his head dressed. I say, Carty, go to my agent; he knows whether your claim is just or not, and will attend to it accordingly."

"Plase your honor, I've been wid him, and he says he can do nothin' whatsoever for me. I went two or three times, and couldn't see him, he was so busy; and when I did get a word or two wid him, he tould me there was more offered for my land than I'm payin'; and that, if I did not pay up, I must be put out—God help me!"

"But I tell you, Carty, I never interfere between him and my tenants."

"Och, indeed, and it would be well both for your honor's tinants and yourself, if you did, Sir. Your honor ought to know, Sir, more about us, and how we're thrated. I'm an honest man, Sir, and I tell you so for your good."

"And pray, Sir," said the agent, stepping forward, for he had arrived a few minutes before, and heard the last observation of M'Carthy—"pray, how are they treated, you that know so well, and are so honest a man?—as for honesty, you might have referred to me for that, I think," he added.

"Mr. M——," said Owen, "we're thrated very badly—Sir, you needn't look at me—you've broken the half of them by severity: you've turned the tinants against yerself and his honor here; and I tell you now, though you're to the fore, that, in the coorse of a short time, there'll be bad work upon the estate, except his honor here looks into his own affairs, and hears the complaints of the people; look at these resates, yer honour, they'll show you, Sir——."

"Carty, I can hear no such language against the gentleman to whom I entrust the management of my property; of course I refer the matter solely to him—I can do nothing in it."

"Kathleen, avourneen!" exclaimed the poor man, as he looked up despairingly to heaven—"and ye, poor darlins of my heart! is this the news I'm to have for yees whin I go home? As you hope for mercy,

Sir, don't turn away your ear from my petition, that I'd humbly make to *yourself*. Cowl'd, and hunger, and hardship are at home before me, yer honor. If you'd be plased to look at these resates, you'd see that I was always industrious, and 'twas sickness and the hard times——"

"And your own honesty, industry, and good conduct," said the agent, giving a dark and malignant sneer at him. "Carty, it shall be my business to see that you shall not spread a bad spirit through the tenantry much longer. Sir, you have heard the fellow's admission. It is an implied threat that he will give us much serious trouble. There is not such another incendiary on your property—not one, upon my honour."

"Sir," said a servant, "dinner's on the table."

"Sinclair," said his landlord, "give him another crown, and tell him to trouble me no more." Saying which, he and the agent went up to the drawing-room, and, in a moment, Owen saw a large party sweep down stairs, full of glee and vivacity, among whom both himself and his distresses were as completely forgotten as if they had never existed.

He now slowly departed, scarcely knowing whether the money, which the house steward had given him, was in his hand or not. A cold, sorrowful weight lay upon his heart; the din of the town deadened his affliction into a stupor; but an overwhelming sense of his disappointment, and a conviction of the agent's diabolical falsehood, entered, like barbed arrows, into his heart.

On leaving the steps, he looked up to heaven in the distraction of his agonizing thoughts; the clouds were black and lowering; the wind stormy, and as it carried them on its dark wing along the sky, he wished, if it were the will of God, that his head lay in the quiet grave yard where the ashes of his forefathers reposed in peace. But he again remembered his Kathleen and their children, and the large tears of anguish, deep and bitter, rolled slowly down his cheeks.

We will not trace him into an hospital, whither the wound on his head occasioned him to be sent, but simply state, that, on the second week after this, a man with his head bound in a handkerchief, lame, bent, and evidently labouring under severe illness or great affliction, might be seen toiling slowly up the little hill that commanded a view of Tubber Derg. On reaching the top, he sat down to rest for a few minutes, but his eye was eagerly turned to the house which contained all that was dear to him on this earth. The sun was setting, and shone with half his disk visible, in that dim and cheerless splendour which produces almost in every temperament a feeling of melancholy. His house which, in happier days, formed so beautiful and conspicuous an object in the view, was now, from the darkness of its walls, scarcely discernible. The position of the sun, too, rendered it more difficult to be seen, and Owen, for it was he, shaded his eyes with his hand to survey it more distinctly. Many a harrowing thought and remembrance passed through his mind, as his eye traced its dim outline in the fading light. He had done his duty—he had gone to the fountain-head, with a hope that his simple story of affliction might be heard; but all was fruitless: the only gleam of hope that opened upon their misery, was now passed into darkness and despair for ever. He pressed his aching forehead with distraction as he thought of this—then clasped his hands bitterly, and groaned aloud.

At length he rose, and proceeded with great difficulty, for the short rest had stiffened his weak and fatigued joints. As he approached home his heart sank; and as he ascended the blood-red stream which covered the bridle way that led to his house, what with fatigue and

affliction, his agitation weakened him so much that he stopped and leaned on his staff several times, that he might take breath.

"It's too dark, maybe, for them to see me, or poor Kathleen would send the darlins to give me the *she dha vea*.* Kathleen, avourneen machree, how my heart beats wid long to see you, asthore, and to see the weeny crathurs—glory be to Him that has left *them* to me—praise and glory to His name!"

He was now within a few perches of the door; but a sudden misgiving shot across his heart when he saw it shut, and no appearance of smoke from the chimney, nor of stir or life about the house. He advanced—

"Mother of glory, what's this!—but, wait, let me rap again. Kathleen—Kathleen—are you widin, avourneen? Owen—Alley—arn't yees widin, childher? Alley, sure I'm come back to yees!" and he rapped more loudly than before. A dark breeze swept through the bushes as he spoke, but no voice nor sound proceeded from the house—all was still as death within. "Alley!" he called once more to his little favourite—"I'm come home wid something for you, asthore; I didn't forget you, alannah—I brought it from Dublin all the way—Alley!" but the chill murmur of the blast was the only reply.

Perhaps the most intense of all that he knew as misery is that which he then felt; but this state of suspense was soon terminated by the appearance of a neighbour who was passing.

"Why, thin, Owen, but yer welcome home agin, my poor fellow; and I'm sorry that I havn't betther news for you, and so are all of us."

He whom he addressed had almost lost the power of speech:—

"Frank," said he, and he wrung his hand, "What—what? was death among them? for the sake of heaven spake?"

The severe pressure which he received in return ran like a shock of paralysis to his heart. "Owen, you must be a man; every one pities yees, and may the Almighty pity and support yees! She is, indeed, Owen, gone—the weeny fair-haired child, your favourite, Alley, is gone. Yestherday she was berrid; and dacently the nabours attinded the place, and sent in, as far as they had it, both mate and dhrink to Kathleen and the other ones. Now, Owen, you have heard it; trust in God, and be a man."

A deep and convulsive throe shook him to the heart. "Gone!—the fair-haired one!—Alley!—Alley!—the pride of both our hearts—the sweet, the quiet, and the sorrowful child, that seldom played wid the rest, but kept wid mys—! Oh, my darlin', my darlin'!—gone from my eyes for ever! God of glory! won't you support me this night of sorrow and misery!" But with a sudden yet profound sense of humility, he dropped on his knees at the threshold, and as the tears rolled down his convulsed cheeks, exclaimed, in a burst of sublime piety, not at all uncommon among our peasantry—"I thank thee, O, my God—I thank thee, and I put myself and my weeny ones, my *paschee boght*, into your hands. I thank thee, O God, for what has happened. Keep me up and support me—och, I want it. You loved the weeny one, and you took her; she was the light of my eyes and the pulse of my broken heart; but you took her, blessed Father of heaven! and we can't be angry wid you for so doin'. Still if you had spared her—if—if—oh, blessed Father, my heart was *in* the *very* one you took—but I thank thee, O, God! May she rest in pace, now and for ever, Amen!"

* The welcome.

He then rose up, and slowly wiping the tears from his eyes, departed. "Let me hold your arm, Frank, dear," said he. "I'm weak and tired wid a long journey. Och, and can it be that she's gone—the fair-haired colleen! When I was laving home, and had kissed them all—'twas the first time we ever parted, Kathleen and I, since our marriage—the blessed child came over and held up her mouth, saying, 'Kiss *me* again, father,' and this was afther herself and all of them had kissed me afore; but och! oh! Blessed Mother, Frank, where's my Kathleen and the rest?—and why are they out of their own poor place?"

"Owen, I tould you a while ago, that you must be a man. I gave you the worst news first, and what's to come doesn't signify much. It was too dear; for if any man could live upon it you could—you have neither house nor home, Owen, nor land. An ordher came from the agint—your last cow was taken, so was all you had in the world—hem—barrin' a thrifle—no, bad manners to it—no, you're not widout a home, any way—the family's in my barn, brave and comfortable compared to what your own house was, that let in the wather through the roof like a sieve; and while the same barn's to the fore, never say you want a home."

"God bless you, Frank, for that goodness to them and me. If you're not rewarded for it here, you will in a betther place. Och, I long to see Kathleen and the childher! but I'm fairly broken down, Frank, and hardly able to mark the ground, and, indeed, no wondher, if you knew but all, but God's will be done! Poor Kathleen, I must bear up before her, or she'll break her heart, for I know how she loved the goolden-haired darlin' that's gone from us. Och, and how did she go, Frank, for I left her betther?"

"Why, the poor girsha took a relapse, and wasn't strong enough to bear up against the last attack; but it's one comfort that you know she's happy."

Owen stood for a moment, and looking solemnly in his neighbour's face, exclaimed, in a deep and exhausted voice—"Frank!"

"What are you goin' to say, Owen?"

"The heart widin me's broke—broke!"

The large tears rolled down his weather-beaten cheeks, and he proceeded in silence to the house of his friend. There was, however, a feeling of sorrow in his words and manner which the other could not withstand. He grasped Owen's hand, and, in a low and broken voice, simply said—"Keep your spirits up—keep them up."

When they came to the barn in which his hapless family had taken up their temporary residence, Owen stood for a moment to collect himself; but he was nervous, and trembled with repressed emotion. They then entered; and Kathleen, on seeing her beloved and affectionate husband, threw herself on his bosom, and for some time felt neither joy nor sorrow—she had swooned. The poor man kissed her lips with a tenderness at once mournful and deep. The children, on seeing their father safely returned, forgot their recent grief, and clung about him with gladness and delight. In the mean time Kathleen recovered, and Owen for many minutes could not check the loud and clamorous grief—now revived by the presence of her husband—with which the heart-broken and emaciated mother deplored her departed child; and Owen himself on once more looking among the little ones—on seeing her little frock hanging up, and her stool vacant by the fire—on missing her voice and her blue laughing eyes, and remembering the affectionate manner in which, as with a presentiment of death, she held up her little mouth

and offered him the last kiss—he slowly pulled the toys and cakes he had purchased for her out of his pocket, surveyed them for a moment, and then putting his hands on his face, bent his head upon his bosom, and wept with the vehement outpouring of a father's sorrow.

The reader perceives that he was a meek man; that his passions were not dark nor violent; he bore no revenge to those who neglected or injured him, and in this he differed from too many of his countrymen. No—his spirit was broken down with sorrow, and had not room for the fiercer and more destructive passions. His case excited general pity. Whatever his neighbours could do to soothe him and alleviate his affliction was done. His farm was not taken; for fearful threats were held out against those who might venture to occupy it. In these he had nothing to do; on the contrary, he strongly deprecated them. Their existence, however, was sufficient to justify the agent in his callous and malignant severity towards him.

We did not write this story for effect. Our object was to relate facts that occurred. In Ireland there is much blame attached to landlords for their neglect and severity, in such depressed times, towards their tenants. There is also much that is not only indefensible but atrocious on the part of the tenants. But can the landed proprietors of Ireland plead ignorance or want of education for their neglect and rapacity, whilst the crimes of the tenants, on the contrary, may in general be ascribed to both? He who lives, as perhaps his forefathers have done, upon any man's property, and fails, from unavoidable calamities, has as just and clear a right to assistance from that landlord, as if the amount of his outfit were a bonded debt. Common policy, common sense, and common justice should induce the Irish landlords to lower their rents according to the market for agricultural produce, otherwise poverty, famine, crime, and vague political speculations, founded upon idle hopes of a general transfer of property, will spread over and convulse the kingdom. Any man who looks into the English papers, may see that their landlords are reducing their rents to a standard suitable to the times, and to the ability of the tenant.

But to return. Owen, for another year, struggled on with his family, without success; his firm spirit *was* broken; employment he could not get, and even had it been regular, he would have found it impracticable to support his helpless wife and children by his labour. The next year unhappily was also one of sickness and of want; the country was not only a wide waste of poverty, but overspread with typhus fever. One Saturday night he and the family found themselves without food; they had not tasted a morsel for twenty-four hours. There were murmurings and tears, and finally, a low conversation among them, as if they held a conference upon some subject which filled them with both grief and satisfaction. In this alternation of feeling did they pass the time until the sharp gnawing of hunger was relieved by sleep. A keen December wind blew with a bitter blast on the following morning; the rain was borne along upon it with violence, and the cold was chill and piercing. Owen, his wife, and their six children issued at day-break out of the barn in which, ever since their removal from Tubber Derg, they had lived until then; their miserable fragments of bed clothes were tied about them; their pace was slow, need we say sorrowful; all were in tears. Owen and Kathleen went first, with a child upon the back and another in the hand of each. Their route lay by their former dwelling, the door of which was open, for it had not been inhabited. On passing it they stood a moment; then with a simultaneous impulse both ap-

proached—entered—and took one last look of a spot to which their hearts clung with enduring attachment. They then returned ; and as they passed, Owen put forth his hand, and picking a few small pebbles out of the wall, put them in his pocket.

“ Farewell !” said he, “ and may the blessing of God rest upon you ! We now lave you for ever—we’re goin’ at last to beg our bread through the world wide, where none will know of the happy days we passed widin your walls ! We *must* lave you ; but glory be to the Almighty, we are goin’ wid a clear conscience ; we took no revenge upon ourselves, but left every thing to God above us. We are poor, but there is neither blood, nor murder, nor dishonesty upon our hands. Don’t cry, Kathleen—don’t cry, childher ; there is still a good God above, who can and may do something for us *yet*, glory be to his name !”

He then passed on with his family, which, including himself, made, in all, eight paupers, being an additional burden upon the country, which might easily have been avoided. His land was above two years waste, and when it was ultimately taken, the house was a ruin ; and the money allowed by the landlord for building a new one, together with the loss of two years’ rent, would, if humanely directed, have enabled Owen M’Carthy to remain a solvent tenant.

EPISODES FROM THE FLOOD.

Still swell’d the waters upon earth, and now
Only tall mountains rear’d their cloud-veil’d heads
Over the waste of waves—on these a few,
The last of all the many, many millions
That lately fill’d the joyous world with life,
And sent glad voices thro’ her sunny vales,
And bless’d her shores with beauty and with song,
And pleasant converse and the hum of being,
Were lingering miserably on—the doom
Of these sad heirs of wrath was fearful.
* * * * * From her home
Amid a pleasant valley, when the streams
In sheeted torrents swept adown the hills—
Over the flinty rocks and thorny ways
And dangerous places, where the falling pines
And mighty cedars that had grown apace
With the young world, and shadowed with their boughs
Her generations of a thousand years,
Crash’d horribly beside the darksome glens—
A daughter bare her aged mother forth.
Within a sheltering mountain-cave, she placed
Her precious burden ; and for many days
No drop of rain fell on her hoary head,
And every hour she fed her with the breast
Whence she had flung her babe, to render back
The milk that nourish’d her. She saw her spouse
Faint on the weary way, and she could leave
Him to the torrent’s rage, while undismayed
She fronted death for her who gave her life !
Long time she fed upon the roots which grew
Among the rugged clefts, until the flood
Louder and louder sounded from beneath.
“ Oh, my sweet mother ! ’tis no longer meet,”
She cried—“ to linger here, and we must seek